CENTRE OF VISION

JANUARY 1905

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CENTRE of VISION

Vol. III. Boston, Massachusetts, January, 1905 No. 4

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The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the pupils of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, on the third Wednesday of every month during the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

Communications should be addressed, according to their nature, to the editor, business manager, or exchange editor.

Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

Terms, 75 cents per year. **Single copies, 15 cents.**

HERE'S TO 1905.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Yes, yes, the bells of Boston are slowly pealing the joyful tidings that a New Year has arrived. The clock in the sanctum registers just 12.05. Whether it is five after twelve o'clock December 31, 1904, or fifty-five minutes of one January 1, 1905, my sleepy mind cannot determine. At any rate, the bells of Greater Boston seem to tell me it is 1905.

Oh, fickle year that is dead, how many hearts have been broken, how many lives have been shattered in your twelve months of existence! Yet how many noble, inspiring deeds have also been accomplished! The life of one man is as a grain of sand on the seashore. Yet how crystal that one grain can be, and yet how muddy. Let ours be crystallized, if possible. Let the New Year resolutions be sincere and permanent. Show to the world that we have will power. It takes tremendous will power to throw off the bad and take on the good, just because it is easier to be bad than to be good, but our 1905 resolutions can determine for us what course we can take. Our school habits and standards can be raised. Our private ideals can be raised. Our good to the community can be strengthened. We can rectify wrongs we have done. We can fight shy of temptation. The surest way to get out of trouble is to get out of temptation. A thousand and one temptations are thrown at the average healthy-minded student; especially the men, for surely men have more temptations to fight than women. Then let us strive to be good, not perfect. To be human, not super-human. To be moral—not devoid of such. To develop a conscience that tells us what is right and wrong.

* * * * *

Boys are things that men are made of. On the parents and on the teacher rests the responsibility of making men of the boys of to-day. When a youth is so filled with the pleasures of life

that his work becomes a secondary consideration, his usefulness both to his school and to those he seeks to aid by his education is lost. We think a student can be interested in many outside things, yet retain his scholastic standing, but late nights and dances are not conducive to thinking heads. Beware of the man who is eager to impute ulterior or unmanly motives to his fellow-students without just cause and proof. Respect the fellows who stick to their word, for they are few and far between. Being rabidly one-sided is no indication of honesty or fairness. The school paper which seeks to gain support by catering to the prejudice instead of appealing to the reason of its patrons is building on quicksand—no joke intended. We invite communications in our monthly issues to discuss current events in school life. These must be signed for publication. Our aim is to be fair to all. Absolutely no personalities must be indulged in. We hope you have made lots of good resolutions this year—among them, "loyalty." We wish all the students a very happy 1905.

Judging from the arguments and speeches of the men who took part in the discussion at the Art Institute, which was held in the M. N. A. S. Hall Friday, December 30, 1904, manual training is a necessary adjunct to the curriculum of the modern drawing teacher. Yet perhaps not in our school days here; we think manual training will eventually come as a required course in this school. We hope so, at least. Arts and crafts and manual training, in conjunction with drawing, is the demand now at the agencies, and big salaries are being paid men who can teach all three of these subjects. We wish there were some millionaires interested in our school, for if there were the Massachusetts Normal Art School could have a large building, large shops, large studios, and everything else that modern art demands. Unfortunately these are vain air castles.

There will be no cover competition for next month. This month's prizes were won by W. S. Taylor, 1905, first; Lucy Jones, 1905, second; Frank L. Crerie, 1905, third.

Directory of Students Who Entered Sept., 1904

Baker, Laura H.....126 Crowell, Newton
Bancroft, Elizabeth.....36 Elm, Wakefield
Barnes, Josephine M.....33 Greenwood, Marlboro
Bond, Mabel A. M.....123 Adams, Waltham
Booth, Augustus B.....160 Leyden, East Boston
Bowley, Edward E.....19 Jackson, Cliftondale
Brennan, James J.....121 Shirley, Roxbury
Bridgewater, Grace D.....39 Poplar, Melrose
Brigham, Percy A.....3 Dill, Somerville
Brooks, Mary I.....2 Woburn, Medford
Brown, Kathryn E.....38 School, Westfield
Brown, Nellie A.....72 Wallace, West Somerville
Browne, Margaret F.....529 Newbury, Boston
Buck, Francis W.....45 Pomeworth, Stoneham
Burnham, Wilbur H.....52 Falcon, East Boston
Burrough, Blanche L.....7 Pratt, Allston
Butterfield, Amy L.....Adams, Lexington
Carney, Margaret J.....52 Guild, Boston
Cole, Harold C.....28 Chestnut, Andover
Crosman, Ruth A.....559 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
Crossman, Bertha V.....152 Shirley, Winthrop
Culver, Helen L.....427 Winthrop, Taunton
Curley, Katharine.....98 Lyman, Waltham
Dallachie, Adelaide.....Lincoln, Millbury
Dane, Nathan.....43 Chester, Boston
Dowd, Margaret.....13 Worthington, Roxbury
Eastman, Myna D.....State, Framingham
Ellsbree, Bessie E.....52 Irving, Cambridge
Erickson, Jeanette L.....47 Train, Dorchester
Fales, Calista D.....40 Franklin, Somerville
Fanck, Joseph H.....7 Moreland, Roxbury
Foster, Una L.....Haskell, Texas
Fowles, Hattie E.....90 Princeton, East Boston
Gale, Clara M.....241 Trenton, East Boston
Garratt, Elsie A.....135 Oxford, Cambridge
Gilbert, Hazel D.....41 Court, Plattsburgh
Gintzbach, Amalie F. L.....15 Spring Park Avenue, Boston
Godfrey, Lydia B.....Lake Placid, N. Y.
Gordon, Ernest.....West Brookline, Boston
Grigg, Harriet B.....North, Hingham
Hale, Alice G.....73 Park, Somerville
Hardy, Eva G.....27 Oxford, Somerville
Hartwell, Helen E.....24 Milton Square, Hyde Park
Hilton, Alma G.....Massachusetts Avenue, East Lexington

Hogan, Isabella G.....South, Randolph
Hutchinson, Helen S.....Worcester, Framingham
Ingalls, Ella.....15 Blackwood, Boston
Jasinsky, Bessie.....113 Middlesex Avenue, Swampscott
Johnson, Karl E.....New Park, Lynn
Kane, Agnes C.....42 Belfort, Dorchester
Kempshell, Ira B.....New York City
Kessel, J. Edward.....331 Whitaker, Savannah, Ga.
Killam, Alice P.....63 Webster, Haverhill
Leavitt, Polly M.....15 Shepard, Cambridge
Liberty, George F.....Summer, Easthampton
Lisle, Anna E.....Perkins, West Newton
Looney, Mary E.....310 Chestnut, Lawrence
Lopaus, Mollie G.....Cohasset
MacAusland, Lulu.....32 Warren, Taunton
MacCarthy, Rosemary.....39 Florence Avenue, Revere
Magullion, Katherine A.....40 Winthrop, Roxbury
McLaughlin, George S.....19 Linwood, Somerville
Moxcey, Gladys E.....28 Dudley, Haverhill
Nason, Gertrude J.....High, North Billerica
Noble, Madeline.....108 Buckingham, Springfield
O'Connor, Elizabeth.....27 Homestead, Roxbury
O'Keefe, Philip T.....12 New Park, Lynn
Parker, Ethel N.....Greenmount Avenue, Dracut
Patch, H. Pauline.....92 Chestnut, Haverhill
Patten, Edith M.....25 Irving Place, Quincy
Perry, Charles A.....11 Maple Avenue, Somerville
Perry, Mildred.....3 Marine Avenue, Camden, Me.
Peters, Edith G.....31 Northern Avenue, Dorchester
Phillips, Harriet M.....200 Beacon, Worcester
Power, Margaret E.....12 Eldora, Roxbury
Richardson, Isa M.....50 Myrtle, Waltham
Roberts, Elinor P.....393 Geneva Avenue, Dorchester
Sargent, Flora M.....7 Newbury, Boston
Shirahama, Akira.....Tokyo, Japan
Spaulding, Alice.....138 Lincoln, Newton Highlands
Spofford, Irma J.....270 Washington, Woburn
Stanley, Lillian E.....23 Summit Avenue, Winthrop
Starr, Ella E.....327 East Main, Westbrook, Me.
Stewart, Daniel R.....8 Noble Court, East Boston
Taylor, Leslie.....53 Warren, Boston
Torrey, Kenneth.....12 Tower Avenue, South Weymouth
Towle, Eleanor J.....1 Dayton Avenue, Boston
Underhay, Mary G.....Franklin, Holbrook
Wallburg, Louise F.....54 Dale, Boston

Washburn, Sarah A.....Hingham Centre
Weaver, Edwin H.....139 Central, Somerville
Whitcomb, Ruth E.....Eliot, Milton
Whittier, Sarah E.....West Boxford
Willoughby, Alice S.....225 School, Watertown
Wiswall, Marion E.....195 Summer Avenue, Reading

Printed Slip, Too

If I could sing like Homer did
  Of Helen brave of Troy,
Or play the lute like that old beaut,
  Gay Orpheus, old boy;
I'd pitch a tune and whoop 'er up,
  And work with zeal intense
To place the thing where it would bring
  Not less than thirty cents.
I'd mail it to some magazine
  That boasts its readers keen,
And e'er doth prate of its great weight,
  And pages always clean.
And then I'd sit me down to wait,
  Well satisfied in mind
'Twere safe to bet that I would get
  "Respectfully declined."

—Omaha World-Herald.

Always.

Did you ever get into a crowded trolley car when there was just room for one more—on the roof,—and gaze at this:—

For space in this car
Apply to M. WINEBURGH,
Sears Building.

Moods

The Lights and Shadows of an Artistic Temperament

Prose Poems by Harold C. Dunbar

I.—THE HOUR OF THE ANGELUS.

The sketch is finished. And now the marsh and the river, the sea and sky are enveloped in the pink of the afterglow. Nature is singing the Abenlied, the Evening Song. It is a song of infinite peace, of boundless love, of high ideals, of quiet, slumbering beauty.

A benediction seems to lie on all the world. Distant sails have glimmered and faded, the waters have ceased to dimple and sparkle, and now mirror the gleam of a star, two stars, and another. Except the whisperings of the pines that border upon the marsh, Silence wraps the universe in its mantle, preparing the earth for the coming of Sleep.

II.—THE TRIUMPH OF ART.

With palette in hand, and brushes ready, I stand before the model. Somewhere within me stirs that sense of the power to create, and my heart is glowing with the love of color, of tone, and the subtlety of beautiful lines. Then, under my hand there grows another image, a vision like that before me, but the vision that I have created will live unchanging, while the other will fade and die.

All that is best of it I have saved from the grasp of Time and Change. That is the Triumph of Art.

III.—DISCOURAGEMENT.

Yesterday the world seemed fair and good. It was all sunshine and love and cheerfulness.

And the sun beams as brightly to-day, but not for me. I would rather that it rained, that the world might seem more in harmony with my dull spirit.

From the pleasant heights of strong self-confidence and happy thoughtlessness, I have fallen into a deep, black abyss of discouragement and miserable despair.

I am imaginative, somewhat sentimental. I have enjoyed perfect and boundless happiness in the God-given Love that brings divinity to the lowest in its coming.

And in the universal balance of things, the divine plan of compensation, I must suffer the worst. Pity me now, you who are unemotional.

I say to myself, "You poor, weak, insignificant worm, it would be infinitely better had you never been born into this world of darkness and defeat. Fathom, if you can, this vain existence. Vain, yes, for no one really cares that you are here. You would not be missed if you should end it."

It is a strain on sanity, this horrible discouragement. Some day I shall end it. Death, oblivion, rest, nothingness eternal were greatly preferable to this nightmare of the heart.

Oh, let them sing, let them shout, and play, and eat, and drink!

Death will clutch at their warm hearts to-morrow. They must all pay for their music.

IV.—THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC—AND A GIRL.

Things that I had felt and could not express, a Genius voiced upon his violin.

His music contained the balm of the still twilight hour; it breathed the spirit of beauty and romance, and the essence of eternal peace and love.

Every note was a caress, a condensed love, a drop of the nectar of the gods, a glimpse of heaven.

Never passionate, but so beautifully chaste, so eloquently tender, it expressed all that I would say to you, all that I would paint into some portrait of you.

For my love for you is the concentration of the harmony of sweet music, the glory of the evening sky, the perfume of June roses.

V.—DISILLUSIONMENT.

She was so fair to look upon! Her eyes beamed so frankly, her cherry lips curved so innocently, and so delicately drawn

were the lines of the eyebrows and of the cheeks! And there was no appearance of deceit in any act or word of hers.

Yet it was all a lie,—her life was a living falsehood, as I know to-day. And I had loved her, too. But it was only one of a million similar incidents, that shatter ideals, and create distrust and hate and bitter cynicism in a heart that had been carefree and optimistic.

Joys of the Freshman

'Tis joy to stand on tip-toe,
While taller people grin,
And plunge into your locker
For something deep within.

'Tis joy when sounds the lovely gong,
Down for your lunch to hie,
To find perhaps some standing room,
And there to munch and sigh.

'Tis joy at recess time to trip
The light, fantastic toe,
That is, for the majority,
Which means the Girls, you know.

'Tis joy to hear the good, plain truth,
Altho' that truth be sad,
To hear them say most frankly
That "This is Bad! Bad! Bad!"

'Tis joy and bliss unspeakable
To be a "Freshie" smart,
But the height of all our joy is this,
We're "wedded to our art."

—B. E. Ellsbree, 1908.

Wow!

1908—How do you catch a squirrel?
1905—Simple enough. Make a sound like a nut.
1908—How can one catch you?
1905—Give it up.
1908—Stand in the hall and make a sound like a skirt.

The Vase

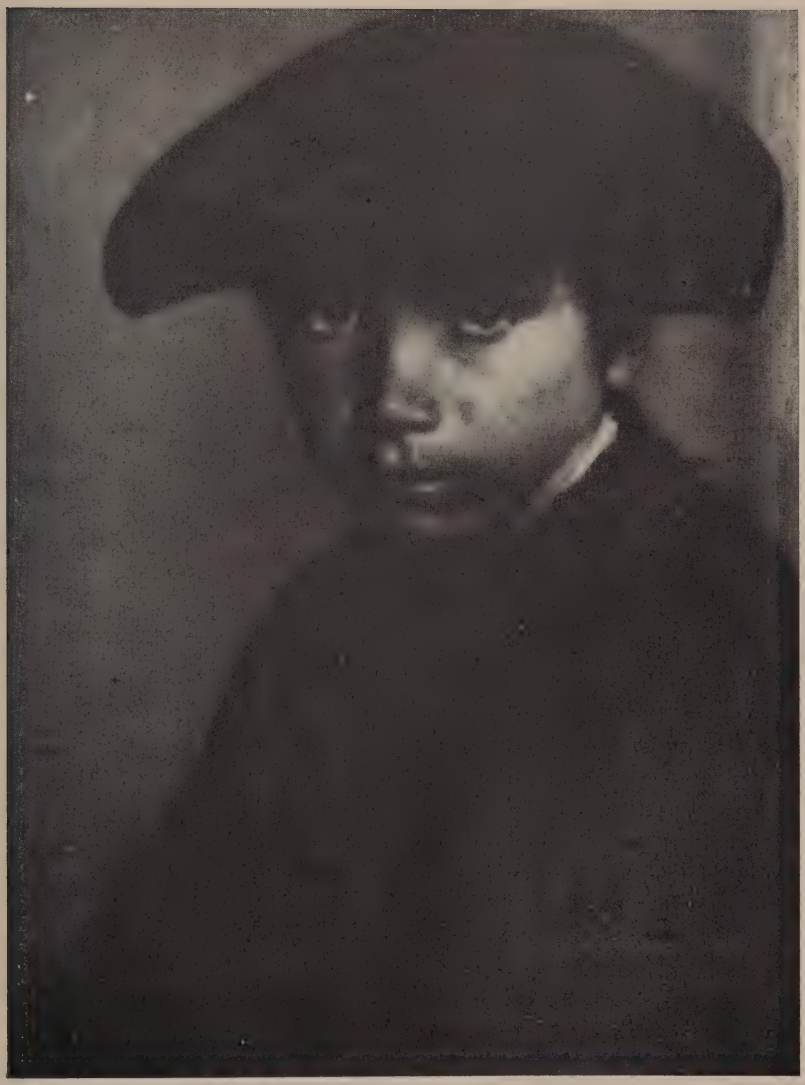
From the maddening throng they stand apart,
The Maidens four and the Work of Art;
And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown!
The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree!
The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the Soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—
For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * * *

Long they worshipped, but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke
The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said, "What a lovely vase!"
Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo;
But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.
Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, " 'Tis indeed a lovely vase!"
But brief her unworthy triumph, when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,
With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaimed, "It is quite a lovely vahs!"
And glances 'round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.
But the Boston maid smiles courteously,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!
I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit praegelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

—Life.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY

Alumni Association Members, M. N. A. S.,—1904-5

(Continued.)

NAME.	HOME ADDRESS.	TEACHING OR BUSINESS.
Hollis, Cynthia	1761 Washington St., Boston	
Hoar, Mrs. Mary Jones	High St., Brookline, Mass.	
Hoyt, Deristhe	54 Washington St.	
Hartshorne, Elsie C.	40 Pleasant St., Methuen, Mass.	Odd Fellows Bldg , Methuen
Jepson, George	Roslindale, Mass.	Instructor M. N. A. S.
Jackson, Jennie M.	43 Sheridan St., Jamaica Plain	
Kendall, Henry H.	93 Federal St., Boston	Architect
Kingsbury, Edward R.	18-A Rockville Park, Roxbury	Tr. Draw. Eng. H. Sc., Boston
Kenison, Martha L.	82 Eutaw St., E. Boston	
Lane, Georgiana	President's Hill, Quincy	Woodward Institute, Quincy
Lawrence, Charles A.	22 King St., Lynn	"Daily Evening Item," Lynn
Lees, Marian G.	Westminster, Mass.	Nahant, Mass.
May, Stella	272 Centre St., Newton	Gloucester, Mass.
MacFarlane, Mrs. Mildred M.	15 Hopkins St , New Dorchester	
Mahoney, Nellie M.	North Brookfield, Mass.	No. Brookfield
MacNeil, Herman A.	New York City	Sculptor
Marsh, Helen F.	Worcester, Mass.	State Normal Sch., Worcester
Miller, Alexander	20 Surrey St., Brighton	Inst. Man. Train., Brighton H.S.
Morton, Anna B.	The Oxford, Boston	Sup. of Drawing, Dedham
Morgan, Mrs. Josephine M.	154 Temple St., West Roxbury	
Morris, George E.	34 Appleton St., Waltham	Waltham
Munsell, Albert H.	221 Columbus Ave., Boston	Instructor M. N. A. S.
Mosely, Mrs. Eliza Rust	Hawthorne Av., Westfield, Mass.	
Melzard, Sadie	Atlantic, Mass.	Sup. of Drawing, Chelsea
Nelson, Mrs. Lizzie Sanborn	335 Seaver St., New Dorchester	Reg. of Deeds, Pemberton Sq.
Nelson, Willard	2 Hillside Av., Somerville, Mass.	
O'Brien, Arthur F.	63 Union Ave., Jamaica Plain	Florist
O'Connor, Ellen F.	4 Lambert Ave., Roxbury	Tr. Draw., W. Rox. High Sch.
Osgood, Alice J.	Wellesley Hills, Mass.	
Pinkham, Grace M.	4 Columbus Sq., Boston	
Phillips, Lilian A.	Dexter St., Woonsocket, R. I.	
Pond, Clara W.	Mendon, Mass.	Milford, Mass.
Poor, Henry W.	115 Magoun Ave., Medford	Inst. Boston Normal School
Price, Caroline B.	19 N. 13th St., Richmond, Ind.	" " " "
Perry, Elizabeth H.		State Normal Sch , Bridgewater
Richardson, Edith W.	8 Warland St., Cambridge	93 Water St., Boston
Roulston, Mrs. Eleanor	589 Broadway, S. Boston	
Robinson, Mary M.	Washington St., New Dorchester	Tr. Draw., Dorchester High Sch.
Roche, Lilla E.	1835 Middlesex St., Lowell	
Ried, Frederick W.	51 Copeland St., Roxbury	
Russell, Walter B.	West 67th St., New York	Artist
Reed, Grace A.	Livermore Rd., Wellesley Hills	Tr. Draw., Prescott S., Ch'st'wn
Rose, Edith	86 Arlington St., Brighton	Tr. Draw., Bennet S., Brighton
Rose, Augustus F.	18 Maple St., Providence, R. I.	
Sanger, Bessie J.	61 Pinckney St., Boston	Tr. Draw., Roxbury High Sch.
Sargent, Walter	No. Scituate, Mass.	State Supt. Drawing, Mass.
Savary, Helen L.	17 Oakland St., Medford	Medford
Simpson, Harriet N.	149 Upland Road, Cambridge	Tr. Draw., Prince Sch., Boston
Stickney, Mary J.	92 Newton St., Marlboro	Maynard, Mass.
Staples, Blanche E.	27 Hopkins St., Dorchester	
Stone, Margaret B.	69 Nehoiden Road, Waban	
Southworth, Grace E.	West Stoughton, Mass.	Stoughton and Sharon
Smith, Mrs. Gertrude Roberts	1218 Sixth St., New Orleans	Newcomb College, New Orleans
Smith, Bernice C.	129 Woodland Ave., Gardner	Dana and N. Dana, Mass.
Smith, Harriet F.	435 Pleasant St., Worcester	
Sumner, Gretta A.	25 St. James Ave., Boston	165 Fort Hill Sq., Boston
Titcomb, Mary B.	201 Clarendon St., Boston	Teaching
Varnum, William H.	1826 Mass. Ave., Cambridge	Instructor, Decatur, Ill.
Warner, Annette J.	Fitchburg, Mass.	Fitchburg Normal School
Walsh, Lillian K.	4 Dabney Place, Roxbury	
Weeks, Dora E.	32 Fourth St., Wellington, Mass.	
Whitmore, Mrs. Annie Goddard	19 Chestnut St , Malden, Mass.	
Woodward, William	7321 Felicia St., New Orleans, La.	Newcomb College, New Orleans
*Wells, Mrs. Kate Gannett	Commonwealth Ave., Boston	
Williams, Herman W.	19 Summer St., Haverhill, Mass.	
Wilkins, Mrs. Martha Fifield	Greenland, N. H.	

*Honorary member.

Exchanges

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Tuskegee Student, Tuskegee, Ala.; the Watch City Bulletin, Waltham, Mass.; The Phoenix, Montpelier, Vt.; the Skirmisher, Bordentown, N. J.; the Tuftonian, Tufts College, Mass.; the Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.; the Red and White, Elizabeth, N. J.; the Imp, Brighton, Mass.; the Observer, Central Falls, R. I.; the Usonian, Malden, Mass.; the Stator, Corning, N. Y.; the High School Bulletin, Dedham, Mass.; the Senior, Westerly, R. I.; the Review, Lowell, Mass.; the High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.; the E. H. S. Record, Boston, Mass.; the Advance, Salem, Mass.; the B. U. Beacon, Boston, Mass.; the Skirmisher, San Mateo, Cal.

The Boston E. H. S. Record has a finely-conducted exchange column. It is interesting from cover to cover.

There are only a few of our exchanges who give the proper attention to the artistic side of the paper. Cover designs are seldom good, and when they are good are used until their virtue wears off. Come, exchanges, the publication of essays and knocks is not all that makes a school magazine. It should show your artistic taste, as well. A lack of that reflects on your drawing teachers.

The Stator from Corning, N. Y., improves each month. It is good to be ambitious, but we do wish you had remedied the Chinesey look of your cover girl before you sent her to the engravers.

The Tuskegee Student from Booker Washington's famous school is the latest addition to our table. It is a weekly four-page newspaper, and lays no claim to be anything else. As such it is very good indeed.

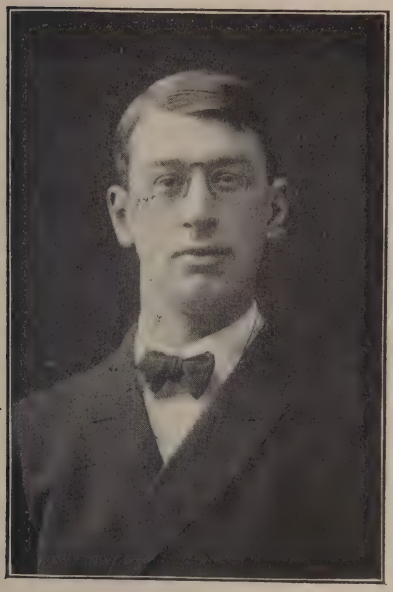
With two Skirmishers, one from New Jersey and one from California, we obtain quite an insight into military life. It is hard to tell which is the better of these two papers.

The Tuftonian is a paper to read. One does not have to hunt for interest; it's there, and in excellent English, too.

The Brighton Imp is always good.

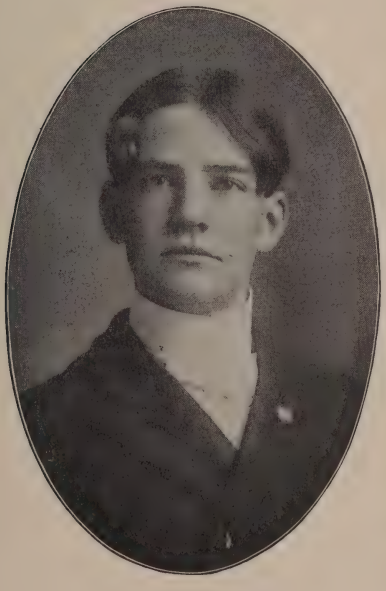
A PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY

PRESIDENTS OF M. N. A. S. CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.



FREDERICK W. RIED
Pres. 1905.

CHESTER L. THORNDIKE
Pres. 1907.



ERNEST WATSON
Pres. 1906.

PERCY A. BRIGHAM
Pres. 1908.

Uncle Martin's New Year Morals

I've always been a homoeopathist. Not that I'm sick enough to have my taste for the different schools of medicine cultivated, neither is it that I have any prejudice against the allopaths, osteopaths, and other paths. I guess it's because of the pills.

When you call in a homoeopath, he gives you a couple of little vials with pills in them, and says, "Now, you take this kind of a pill now, and the other kind in an hour. Keep that up, and don't get 'em mixed."

Well, this is where I begin to dig out my moral. There's an awful lot of good philosophy in those directions of the doctor, if you read them right.

The pill is a little thing, but it does the work. And why? Because it contains a powerful medicine that is concentrated into just the right dose. That's the whole secret of the thing,—concentration. No wonder it does the work. Why, everything that has been done in this world to amount to anything is the result of concentration.

It took the Egyptians a good many years to build the pyramids, but they would probably be working on them yet if they hadn't concentrated all the men they could spare, and a few more, on the labor. The world might still have been in ignorance of this great land if Columbus hadn't concentrated his attention on a few facts that every one knew, but hadn't thought of consequence, and so proved to his own satisfaction that the world was round.

And to come down to our own times; the only way the typical American can rush about and accomplish all he does is by concentrating his attention on one thing at a time, and not "getting them mixed."

We, in this school, have a lot of things to do before we get through, and sometimes they seem to come all in a lump. If we observe, we shall see that the mixers always come out second best.

There's the fellow, you know him, who starts a cast, and then gets tired of it. He leaves it unfinished and begins a composition. His ideas seem to run out, and he wanders off some-

where and commences a conversation with some one who is trying to work, and like as not, if the other fellow hasn't a very strong will, he becomes a mixer, too. Meanwhile the cast, and the comp., and everything else that the two had to do remain incompleted, and more things begin to pile up.

Then there's the girl who neglects her class work to do perspective in school time, and interrupts herself at that to fill her order beforehand for the next dance. You never saw her name among the high per cents. on the rank bulletin.

But there are students here who undertake more than their mates, and do it, too, just because they give their whole attention to one thing until it's finished, and then, and then only, commence the next. And they don't deny themselves all recreation and sociability with their schoolmates, either. They take that in the times assigned,—the recesses. When you see a student of that kind, just keep your eye on him. He'll amount to something some day, I'll bet.

He isn't the kind that comes late and goes early without good excuse, neither is he the last one to accept a helpful suggestion that may be thrown out for the good of the school. He has all proper school and class spirit, perhaps more than some others, for by getting the most he can out of the school, he is able to appreciate it. He just isn't a mixer, that's all.

He may belong to the Glee Club and the school paper, and a half a dozen other things, as well, but he doesn't neglect his school work, for all that. He just knows which is the most important to attend to at any given minute, and tends to that thing at that time.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but work and play mixed makes Jack a dead failure, a discouragement to himself and everybody else.

* * * * * *

Hereafter any stories received that are directly or indirectly "*cribbed*" will be thrown out. If the act is perpetrated by a member of the staff, he or she will be expelled from the service of the paper. This paper wants editors that can be *trusted*, and *those* only. Enough said.

Lucy D. Taylor, 1905.

The movement under way, guided by the St. Botolph Club and the Copley Society, for the erection of a suitable new and "fireproof" studio building in this city, is, according to the last reports, progressing finely, and with the fall will come the completion of the new structure in the Fenway.

The new mural decorations for the Court House at Baltimore by C. Y. Turner are well described in the American edition of the Studio.

A new arrangement of special courses for those desiring to enter the work of the applied arts has been made by the Pratt Institute. There are both day and evening classes, under the direction of Carl T. Hamann. Certificates are granted after a three-years' course.

The Art Students' League has been fortunate enough to obtain the services of Howard Pyle for the coming winter. His class will be, no doubt, very popular, as entrance into his own school has been through such a narrow gate.

There will be a course of six lectures upon "Design" at the Boylston Chambers, 739 Boylston street, the design department of the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, as follows: By Dr. Denman Ross, of Harvard University, Tuesday, February 7, at 4.45, "Tone Relation to Design"; Tuesday, February 21, at 4.45, "Position, Measure, and Shape of Design"; by C. Howard Walker, director of the school, Tuesday, January 24, at 4.45, "The History of Design"; Tuesday, March 7, at 4.45, "The Application of Design to Modeled Forms and Upon Planes"; Tuesday, March 24, "The Application of Design in Construction and in Architecture"; Tuesday, April 4, at 4.45, "The Decoration of Interiors."

The Copley Society's Twelfth Night Revels

It is powerless for us to describe the scene. The Record's description of the decoration is this:—

"Copley Hall was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. At the further end of the hall, on the stage, a magnificent throne was placed; a Louis Quinze chair, with great carved arms and high back, it was supported at either side by two minor thrones. High above the throne 'Twelfth Night Revels' was emblazoned on a golden shield, and from above a crown of incandescent lights threw a flood of light directly upon the throne. Greens and ropes of laurel entwined the throne, and the background was solid laurel. Evergreen arched the five seats, and the snow upon this sparkled in the light of the lamps. On the left of the hall a landscape effect, typifying an old Dutch scene, added a wonderful touch to the beauty of the hall. The great white-winged arms of the Dutch mill appeared in the distance, while in the foreground the low-lying Dutch landscape, with peasants prominent, added a perfect finish to the scene. To the right a chateau, nearly hidden by greens and forests, hid the orchestra. Above the lamps were hidden behind old English lanterns, and from the wall and corners of the hall, ropes of laurel swept to a point in the central span of the ceiling. Candles in mediaeval sconces flickered in the breeze, and latticed windows, in old English style, added a perfect finish to the entire scheme of decoration. Green and red, the prevailing color scheme, carried out perfectly the old Christmas festive colors."

Yes, the Massachusetts Normal Art School Glee Club sang, and they sang well. Mr. Calderwood and Mr. Bartlett should feel proud of them. Individually and collectively, the singing was grand. As Robin Hood's followers, they made the hit of the evening. They were greeted with loud acclaim, and louder it grew as they sang on.

They filed in singing "March Onward," passing by the throne, going up the steps on the stage, then down the steps, and up on the raised platform in front of the stage. They then withdrew. Later on they came in again and sang "The Mill." Wild

[Continued on page 93.]

Alumni Notes

J. Winthrop Andrews, 104 Grape St., Chicopee, Mass.

Massachusetts has not for a long time held an Institute in the interest of art. Nor do those interested in industrial drawing in the public schools often have such an opportunity as was given on Friday, December 30, to hear from so many standpoints the needs of art instruction.

The programme of this meeting, given by the State Board of Education and the Alumni Association of the Massachusetts Normal Art School to the supervisors of drawing and all others interested in public school instruction in industrial drawing, held at Normal Art School, was as follows:—

Address of Welcome.
George H. Bartlett, Principal Massachusetts Normal Art School.
"The Education of the Imagination."
Professor H. H. Horne, Dartmouth College.
"The Modern Public Art Curriculum."
Frank A. Parsons, Columbia College, New York.
Frederick Law Olmstead, Boston.
"Industrial Drawing from the Standpoint of a Manufacturer."
H. P. Higgins, President of the Norton Emery Wheel Company, Worcester, Mass.
"Principles of Design as Applied to Printing."
Henry T. Bailey, North Scituate, Mass.
George H. Martin, Secretary of the Board.
Walter Sargent, Agent for the Promotion of Industrial Drawing.

Those who attended the Institute certainly thank the State Board and the Alumni Association for giving them such a comprehensive meeting.

The April number of the CENTRE OF VISION is to be an Alumni number, and it is heartily wished that all those who have been under the pastural guidance of the Massachusets Normal Art School will do all in their power to make this number of the school's representative paper a success.

A prize of $5 will be given for the best cover design for the month. All kinds of articles and stories, either serious, instructive, or humorous, are solicited. Let all the alumni show their

appreciation of those brave spirits who started the school paper and have kept its light burning.

For the benefit of those who cannot get to the Boston Art Museum often, to observe the changes, we will print the following:—

The first picture gallery has been re-arranged. In the Print department are the Americana prints. Among the new objects are a painting of Philip IV., by Velasquez; the head of Zeus, fourth century, B. C., an original in marble; a torso of a girl, in marble; and four bronze statuettes. All the sculpture is Greek.

Harold Dunbar and Louise Grosvenor, '04, are to be congratulated on their first Art Club pictures. Their work places the portrait class in the highest rank of America's art schools.

The Copley Society's Twelfth Night Revels.

[Continued from page 91.]

applause greeted this song, and "The Man of Thessaly" was given as an encore. This proved the climax, and we can modestly say the Glee Club sang it as they never sang before. They sang well, marched well, looked well, and they deserved and had a good time such as will live in their memories for years to come.

Those from our school who were there were: Miss Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Major, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mr. Andrew, Miss Parmenter, Miss Pew, Miss Blair, Miss Hitchcock, Miss G. C. Lane, a graduate, Miss Sharpe, Miss Carrick, a graduate, Miss Mabel Murray, Miss Richardson. Glee Club: Halstead, Burnham, Taylor, Emily, Fox, Crerie, Carpi, Tyng, McLaughlin, Gracey, Heselton, Klar, Ried, Stiles, Fanck, and Stebbins.

F. W. Ried.

Notice!

The Faculty reception and dance will be held in the school hall Thursday evening, February 23, at 8 o'clock. The tickets will be on sale about February 1 by the committee or President of 1905. Each class will have two members on this committee. All profits will go toward the 1905 graduation. The "Fac" dance has always been the dance of the school year. It is given under the direction of Mr. Bartlett for the Faculty and the President of the Senior class for the students. The tickets, including refreshments, are $1 each.

Félice — A Simple Tale

[Continued.]

By L. M. Marceau, 1905

Later in the evening two more were added to the family circle, Jean Vezina and Paul Emond, and a merry company it was that sang:—

"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promenant."

Only Félice was strangely silent. Why should she feel a misgiving as she noted the callers? The one who looked at her with his soul in his eyes, the other, cold and formal? The day so happily, so carelessly begun ended with a foreboding of the bitterness of sorrow.

* * * * * *

The summer was rapidly coming to a close. The weeks which had seemed to go by so peacefully had in reality wrought a great change in more lives than one.

At first Paul sought the companionship of Félice. She was a fine "camarade," whose spirits were ever gay and cheerful, and the two were often together. He did not realize that here lay a possible danger, else he would conscientiously have avoided it. For he was pure-hearted, clean-minded in the sight of God and man; seeing the world had not spoiled him. As long as he could remember he had decided upon his vocation, and it had never entered his mind that a woman could appeal to him. Sore-distressed he was as the truth gradually forced itself upon him. Thereafter he tried to see the young girl less.

For Félice, too, the awakening was rude. It seemed a double shame to her that she must love one destined for the priesthood, and one who did not return her affection. She rebelled fiercely; this thing was not of her seeking,—she prayed that it might not be,—in vain. She had not learned to bow the head and say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." And behind a smiling countenance she jealously hid an aching heart.

Not so jealously, nor so carefully, but that honest, faithful Jean mistrusted something to be amiss, but he dared not speak; could only wait and watch, sadly, anxiously.

One sunny, quiet afternoon Paul sought a secluded spot in the woods where he might think matters over thoroughly, without fear of being molested. He faced the situation honestly. What was the feeling he entertained for Félice? Was it love, or a strong friendship? And if it were love, she did not return it. Did not the gossips couple her name with that of Jean Vezina, and say she would, after leading him a fine dance, eventually bestow her hand upon him? And yet,—but what had he to do with thoughts of love? This was a temporary madness. He reproached himself bitterly with having been idle of late in the matter of "his Father's business," and no doubt this torment of mind was but the work of the devil.

This struggle may seem quite needless to us until we remember that the French Canadians love and tenaciously cling to two things,—their mother tongue and their mother religion, which is deep-rooted in their hearts.

Just then Félice, who had been on a quest for the early autumn flowers, came along the bank, and saw Paul seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, so absorbed in thought that he did not hear her approach. Softly she came up behind him and (unconsciously laying her hand upon his shoulder) said laughingly: "Upon what terrible things are you meditating, M. Paul, that you frown so fiercely? It does not become you, I do assure you, Monsieur."

Startled, Paul turned his head, to encounter the dancing eyes and smiling lips of Felice. She was so close—so sweet—his head swam, he felt that he was undone! He rose abruptly, roughly shaking off her hand.

"Mad'moiselle, I—you—must excuse me. I am not—myself," and strode down the pathway, convinced that the Evil One was indeed putting snares in his way to make him falter in his life purpose.

It was some minutes before the girl stirred from the spot where he had left her. Her feelings were in a tumult, and uppermost was wounded pride. She was bewildered at his strange behavior.

[Continued on page 99.]

CLASS NOTES

'05

Griswold Tyng Class Editors Maud Black

1905 are thinking seriously of having a class play, to be given at the Newtowne Club Hall, Cambridge, several months hence. The proceeds from the Freshman reception give them quite a fund to start with.

How do you like teaching? Some of our ladies need to start voice culture before they attempt to teach.

Now for the Faculty dance. Get out your new dresses, girls. The proceeds go toward a graduation dance, so be sure to come.

There was a sad lack of interest from 1905 in the recent Art Institute, held here December 30. Those students will profit greatly who heard Mr. Parsons, of Columbia College, speak from the standpoint of a man who has had years of experience in training art teachers, and one who is intimately acquainted with the many pitfalls they are likely to fall into when they first start in teaching. Remember, your education just begins here.

'06

Walter N. Stiles Class Editors Sarah H. Larrabee.

At a class meeting held on Friday, December 2, it was voted that the class dues should be $1 per year. Cheer up, Johnson, your troubles have just begun.

We wish to tell our Class A friends that we miss them from the second floor; yet we are glad to hear that they have made progress on the upward path.

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

Lessons in self-possession—apply to Mr. Stiles. Ask him if he enjoys his calls in Mr. Munsell's studio.

"Reasons on Not Becoming a Bachelor," just out. Cloth bound. Apply to either of the "Misters" in Munsell's studio.

Mr. Hamilton's small studio is called "the old maid's paradise."

The prospects of a Junior "Prom" seem rather slim, as it is impossible to hold it in the school building. Why not try it somewhere else?

A Design class joke:—

"Listen, I heard a shoehorn!"

We all miss Miss Graves greatly.

All most but not quite—Miss London.

'07

James K. Bonnar Class Editors Edward A. Fox.

Now let's get together for a good, jolly sleighride.

Hoot mon! Why dinna ye swat it?

Talk about childhood's happy days! Composition days beat them all to pieces.

Thirst is contagious in Mr. Major's studio. All out to the tank.

Teacher—"Young lady, what have you been doing these last two hours?"

Class B Student—"I have been drawing Mr. Munsell's muscles."

Exit Dickie—"Now you may come in!"

Our famous Joe seems to have dropped from existence. Poor Yosef!

One of Major's Girls—He is a "Bonnie" boy. And a very "Good-man."

Be sure to remember the Faculty Dance is the social event of the year.

'08

Charles A. Perry. Class Editors. Bessie E. Elsbree.

Up stairs there's a youth named O'Keefe,
He'd be "O. K." if he didn't eat so much beef,
But his fondness for lunch,
And girls by the bunch,
Will some day bring him to grief.

We are glad to see Miss Richardson back, and trust she is now enjoying better health.

What the editor heard during the color lecture:—

Color is a sensation. Did you ever feel blue? Well, that is a sensation.

Your eyes are deceiving—that has already been proved.

Oil paints are oil right.

Alas! Some of the students in Design have resorted to mice, dogs, and pollywogs for ideas——

"Why! You are flirting with your brush."

"Sunny Jim" has made his appearance in Class A. What next?

If your drawing is weak, give it more Force.

In Mr. Cross's division there are shooting Star (r) s, Gale (s) right from the East, and other natural phenomena.

Oh, where did they take him? Let's go and see.

It is with regret we learn that Miss Alma Hilton has left the school. We wish her every success in whatever she undertakes.

Yes, we have Moxcey (Moxie).

Why? Well—Because. But—(C-r--).

We wish the school to note the promotion of Percy A. Brigham, 1908, from Class Editor to Assistant Manager of the CENTRE OF VISION, Miss B. E. Ellsbree, 1908, taking his place as Class Editor.

Every member of 1908 should come to the Faculty reception and dance. The best time of the year is assured.

Félice — A Simple Tale

[Continued from page 95.]

It happened that they met again the very next afternoon, but under such circumstances that the incident of the previous day was forgotten.

Paul had gone off for a long walk. As he neared a small cottage that stood on the edge of the main road, the sound of loud weeping came to his ears. He stopped short as Félice, pale and agitated, appeared at the threshold. She closed the door carefully and joined him.

"Ah, Monsieur! Monsieur!" she said brokenly, "Jeanne Lebrun's little child, it is dead! Such a cruel blow! And very terrible," she whispered fearfully, glancing back at the house, "she believes it is but sleeping, and will not leave the bedside. My heart was breaking. I could stay no longer. M. le Curé is there now. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! the only little one, and Joseph Lebrun brought home dead a few short months ago!"

Félice buried her face in her hands. She stood revealed in a new light. Here was no laughing, mocking girl, but a tender, loving woman, deeply sympathizing in the woes of another.

"Mad'moiselle," said Paul, "it is indeed most sad. But I beg of you, grieve not so. Surely God in His goodness and mercy will soon grant her His divine consolation."

"But, Monsieur," she went on, "is it not terrible, the feeling powerless to lighten another's grief?"

"None may really help. We suffer the cruelest sorrows—alone——" he replied.

Félice glanced at him quickly, and he paled under her look. At this moment they were overtaken by Jean Vezina, who did not greet Félice's companion over cordially. The conversation was somewhat strained until the presbytery was reached, and Paul went in. Then Jean said:—

"Félice, I would have a word with thee, alone."

[To be concluded next month]

The CENTRE OF VISION offers $5 for the best cover design done by a graduate. This contest is for our Alumni number, and closes April 8.

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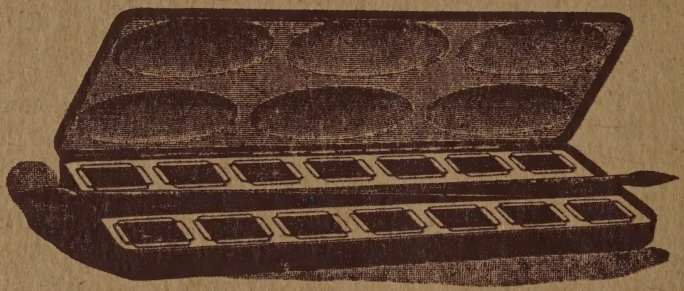

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